

ERIN L. MCCOY

On the Recrystallization of Fallen Snow

*A paper read by John Wolley at a meeting
of Scandinavian naturalists, Christiania, 1856*

Spit of sail across the water, and I was in love. Tindhólmur
Isle like a broken jaw shoved up into a crash of gulls.

Waved into berth. We bagged cormorants right off the dock.
I've been where Saharan sand blows a thousand miles to land

on your eyelids. Here, even the roofs bloom. Wet-nosed
deer pick forever at their eaves. Each creature seems sewn

for its domain like a glove for fingers. Some tastes linger
on the tongue: those fallen flags of weather I melted

to drink all winter; blood hatched from my lips. I found
in a pine grove a wild swan's nest, the pair frozen in place,

all our bodies caked by the same storm. A whole Arctic winter
I passed in the dark, forgot if my eyes were shut or open. Between,

too, is somewhere. Tent-rows of glass mountains. Look: